

All the speculations and schemes of the sanguine projectors of all ages, have left the world still a prey to infinite legions of vices and miseries, an immortal band, which has trampled in scorn on the monuments and the dust of the self-idolizing men, who dreamed, each in his day, that they were born to chase these evils out of the earth. If these vain demigods of an hour, who trusted to change the world, and who perhaps wished to change it only to make it a temple to their fame, could be awakened from the unmarked graves into which they sunk, to look a little while round on the scene for some traces of the success of their projects, would they not be eager to retire again into the chambers of death, to hide the shame of their remembered presumption? The wars and tyranny, the rancour, cruelty and revenge, together with all the other unnumbered vices and crimes with which the earth is still infested, are enough, if the whole mass could be brought within one section of the inhabited world, of the extent of a considerable kingdom, to constitute its whole population literally infernal, all but their being incarnate; which last they would soon, through mutual destruction, cease to be. Hitherto the power of the radical cause of these many forms of evil, the corruption of the human heart, has sported with the weakness, or seduced the strength, of all human contrivances to subdue them. Nor are there as yet more than glimmering signs that we are commencing a better era, in which the means that have failed before, or the expedients of a new

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are so nearly "ripe," that he will seem, less to have the task of cultivating than the pleasure of reaping. Even among the company in the ale-house, though the Philosopher might at first be sorry, and might wonder, to perceive a slight merge of the moral part of the man in the sensual, and to find in so vociferous a mood that inquiring reason which, he had supposed, would be waiting for him with the silent anxious docility of a pupil of Pythagoras, yet he would find a most powerful predisposition to truth and virtue, and there would be everything to hope from the accuracy of his logic, the comprehensiveness of his views, and the beauty of his moral sentiments. But perhaps it will be explained, that the Philosopher does not mean to visit all these people in person; but that having first secured the *source* of influence, having taken entire possession of princes, nobility, gentry, and clergy, which he expects to do in a very short time, he will manage *them* like an electrical machine, to operate on the bulk of the community. Either way the achievement will be great and admirable; the *latter* event seems to have been predicted in that sibylline sentence, "When the sky ft Us we shall catch larks."